"W.A.A.C."
means
"Want An Army Club"
"CAVANDER'S Army Club" CIGARETTES
Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens.
20 for 11d., 50 for 2/3.

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON IS ON PAGE 11.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 618. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Shopping at Lipton's means SAVING MONEY

The largest Tea Growers, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World
Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V.
LIPTON LTD., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA
X SOLD EVERYWHERE.
C OST LITTLE.
E XCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.
L IGHT AND DAINTY.
D EPENDABLE QUALITY.
A SK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

COME TO THE KEYHOLE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

RELEASE of MEN FROM the ARMY FOR SHIPBUILDING

IN ORDER TO EXPEDITE THE RELEASE from the Home Army of N.C.O.s and men who are required for important work in civil shipyards and to ensure that no skilled tradesmen are overlooked, N.C.O.s and men who—

(a) are skilled tradesmen, or apprentices in any of the trades specified below, and

(b) are of or over the age stated in each case,

should, if they so desire,

INFORM THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE UNIT

concerned that they wish to be considered for discharge from the Army for employment at Shipyard work.

Suitability of applicants for employment at shipyard or marine engineering work will still remain to be considered by the Admiralty, and the submission of an application is not to be regarded as implying any guarantee that the applicant will either at once or at any time be released from the Army for civil duties.

SHIPBUILDING TRADES.

	Age on Jan. 1, 1917.
Platers	19
„ Helpers	19
Punchers and Shearers	19
Riveters	19
Holders Up	19
Caulkers	19
Packers and Liners	19
Shipsmiths	19
„ Hammermen	19
Drillers	19
Cementers	23
Liners Off or Loftsmen	19
Shipwrights	19
Boatbuilders	19
Sheet Iron Workers	19
Coppersmiths	19
Electricians	19
Electric Wiremen	19
Planers and Scharphers	23
Toolsmiths	23
Blockmakers	23
Sparmakers	23
Pattern Makers	23
Joiners	23
Sawyers	23
Wood Machinists	23
Riggers	23
Stagers	23
Shipyard Fitters	23
Plumbers	23
Draughtsmen	23
Foremen & other skilled trades in Shipbuilding	according to occupation

Marine Engineering Trades.

	Age on Jan. 1, 1917.
Caulkers	23
Boilermakers	23
Platers (Boiler or Loco.)	23
„ (Constructional)	25
„ (Helpers)	23
Driller (Hand), Boiler Work	25
„ „ Constructional	32
„ (Machine) Boiler or Constructional	32
Riveters (Boiler or Loco.)	23
„ (Constructional)	25
Holders Up (Boiler or Loco.)	25
„ „ (Constructional)	32
Punchers & Shearers (Boiler or Loco.)	23
„ (Constructional)	32
Fitters	23
Turners	23
Machine Men (classified by Machine Worked)	„
Erectors	23
Pattern Makers	23
Foundry Workers	Various
Smiths	„
Forgers	23
Coppersmiths (Marine, Loco. or Pipe)	23
Plumbers	23
Brass Finishers	23
Draughtsmen	23
Foremen and other skilled trades in Marine Engineering	According to qualifying occupation

This notice applies to men serving in the Home Army only. This scheme does not apply to units of the R.E. (Inland Waterways and Docks).

LADIES' SUITS. Patterns Free You ought to get our free fashion guide and patterns of stylish fabrics for a new Suit or Costume. The styles are absolutely correct and attractive, and cost little. Ask for Set No. 18.

CATESBYS LTD.
London, W.1.

DRESS FABRICS.

You ought to be thinking now about your Spring Dress Wear. Our fabrics are absolutely correct in fashion, attractive to the eye, and cost little. Write for patterns. (Dept 19) Tottenham Court Rd, London, W.1.

Maternity

WEAR FROM LONDON SPECIALISTS.

The most delightful Maternity Wear Gowns, and Infants' apparel, and other requirements of Mother and Baby, are offered by us on Cash or Credit terms. No Mother is studying her own interests unless she writes for this money-saving Illustrated Maternity List.

Ask for list 19, Post Free.

CATESBYS LTD.
Maternity Dept.,
LONDON, W.1.

SUITS

Would you like on Easy Terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you at the price? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set No. 19), and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns, Book of Styles, and measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash. Write before the best patterns are sold out to Dept. 19.

CATESBYS LTD.
London, W.1.

Stair Carpet.

Write for a Post Free batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesbys Rich Rugs. Broad variety of Patterns, good for general wear and suitable also for use with our Cork Lino.

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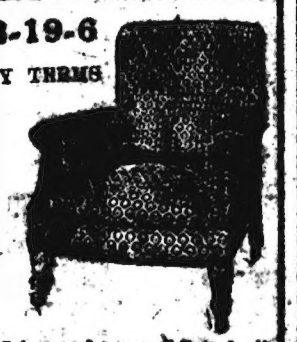

THIS is our famous "Catesby" Chair for comfort, the best easy chair sold at the price. Test it and have your money back if you don't agree with this claim. Covered in rich tapestry (say what colour you want) and spaciously built in worthy manner. We pay carriage and allow 2/- in the £ discount for cash.

Furniture Catalogue Free on Request.

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(Dept 19) Tottenham Court Rd, London, W.1.

THE DOOM OF THE HUN IS SEALED

WHEN THE BRITISH PUBLIC START AEROPLANE BUILDING.

The events of the last few days have shown the Hun that we are out to win the war in the air.

What do they think in Stuttgart now where our brave aviators were able to give them a stunning reply to the Gotha raids on London and Paris? What is the feeling in Germany about the work at the front, where not a day passes but our fighting forces prove that we have the upper hand in aerial battles and that we mean to keep it?

All that we want now to win the war is a national effort, and everyone who is convinced that we ought to make it will be glad to learn that an opportunity is offered to the whole British public to help on the work of aeroplane building. Aircraft shares are now offered to the investor, and by taking these up, the man in the street can help on the work at the factories which are busy maintaining our superiority and gradually turning it into an overwhelming superiority. Is there a man or woman in the country who believes that Germany can beat us in the manufacture of aircraft? Mr. J. A. Whitehead, the founder of Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., voiced the opinion of the whole country when he declared that we had the capacity for beating the Germans in building and in training pilots to man our machines.

The capacity is born in on us. There is nothing we cannot do better than the Germans, and all we have to realise is the plain truth. What is the plain truth? Anybody who has studied the news from Germany knows that they put the greatest faith in their aerial warfare. They believe that by their raids on Capitals they will wear us down, and they know that the nation which has the best fighting air forces at the front will have the best chance of winning the battles. Does anyone believe, therefore, that they are neglecting their building programme? On the other hand, they are piling up as many machines as their factories can turn out, and what we have got to do is to pile their machines up in another manner. We must strain every muscle and every sinew to outdistance them. For every aeroplane they lay down we must build—well, as many more as we can.

We cannot have too many and we cannot start work upon them too quickly. Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., who have done so much to speed up the output of machines are busy on a great scheme in which the public can help. They have received Treasury sanction to increase their capital to one million pounds to be devoted to the purposes of aviation during the war.

Let us understand exactly what this means. Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., are already turning out machines for the Government. Since the war started they have built up a gigantic concern, and their organising capacity, their factories, their workmen and their great experience will be used to increase the building power of the nation.

The public who subscribe to aircraft shares will be starting to build more aeroplanes right away. There will be no delay as there would be if the factories had to be established. The whirr of the aeroplanes before the million pounds is subscribed will be heard over German territory, and the Hun will know for certain, what he is now already beginning to realise, that when as a nation we do start out to do things we do them thoroughly.

Aircraft shares are a patriotic way of helping the authorities. The man in the street is simply doing in another way what he does to keep the Navy the greatest in the world—but this time he is getting secured capital and interest on his outlay.

The aircraft industry is the industry of the future. Anyone who has studied it can visualise its possibilities after the war. The investor, therefore, who helps the country now to build more machines will be the possessor of an increasingly valuable security after the war.

Many of the public have been heard to say what they would do if they had the control of the Air service. Now is the time for them to prove their words. Anyone can talk about work. Talking never built an aeroplane. It never bombed a German town or drove a Hun plane crashing to the ground.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., intend to do all in their power to end the might of Germany in the air.

The practical and the patriotic can help them in the great work. Write to Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., Box J.B., c/o John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, for particulars of the new scheme. [Advt.]

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 616. **Week ending Saturday, March 23rd, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

To the Albert Hall!

On Saturday afternoon all roads will lead to the Albert Hall—where we shall be, with Mr. Hogge, M.P., and the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers—*and* the Blue and Khaki League.

Still Free!

Up to the time of going to press, we have heard nothing of "the all-accommodating D.O.R.A."—bless her dear heart!—in connection with our "Shot At Dawn" revelations.

Tommy at Night.

We have made it our business to see for ourselves the deplorable state of things at present existing in regard to the comfort of Tommy returning from leave in the early hours of the morning—and elsewhere we deal fully with the matter.

"The First Million."

A short time ago Mr. Lloyd George told a Conference which he was addressing that he was anxious to know when America's first million soldiers would be in the field. If he applies to us, we will give him full information.

Entertaining Cousin Jonathan.

By the way, we gather that there is no organised system of entertainment for American soldiers in camp over here. What is the American Y.M.C.A. doing?

The Women's Party.

We are not enamoured of Parties, but we like this one; and if it acts up to its programme the country will never regret having given the women the vote.

"B. L." and "W. L."

The political gossips are also busy with the rumour that Mr. Bonar Law has had nearly enough as nominal Leader of the Unionists—and in the betting on his successor, Mr. Walter Long is a strong favourite.

Why Not?

"Why shouldn't a large slice of the Engineers' Union funds be invested in some of the large engineering businesses, so that they could have representatives on the Boards of Directors and thus get a voice in the management?" Such is a question put to us. The answer is obvious. Such a plan would stop strikes!

Agreed!

We do not know much about our contemporary, the *Ploughshare*, or whether it is edited by our friend "Alpha of the Plough"—to whom we have referred 27 times. But we read that if "Lloyd George, Bottomley, Clemenceau and Rothermere" would "hold their tongues for a week" the war would be over. We will try the experiment so far as we are concerned—and see

Rhondda's Latest Title.

This is not bad, is it?—Lord of the Manna.

The Goddes Going?

Such is the report—and, of course, we shall be told that this is another failure in Business Government. Wily little Welshman, the Prime Minister!

Watch Ramsay!

So Ramsay Macdonald has, so far, "seen no offer of peace from Germany which we could accept," and, unless better terms are forthcoming, it must be left to the fighting men. *What's the game?*

National Federation of Discharged & Demobilised Sailors & Soldiers.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION
In
ALBERT HALL,
Saturday, March 23rd, at 6 o'clock.

Speakers:
Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
AND
Mr. J. M. HOGGE, M.P.

Procession of Silver Badged Men leaves Embankment prompt at 3.30 for The Albert Hall.

Tickets may be obtained from F. A. Rumsey, Parliament Mansions, Victoria St. S.W.; or J. H. Joyce, 3, Broad Street Buildings, E.C.

Delicious!

So Japan is to go into Siberia "as the friend of Russia." That's fine! But she will also go as the friend of Britain and France.

"The Press."

This is how, throughout the recent debate in the House on our "Shot at Dawn" disclosures, JOHN BULL was always referred to by Mr. Macpherson, Under-Secretary for War. *Multum in parvo.*

Origin of the Tank.

To set finally at rest the endless controversy as to the authorship of the Tank—a splendid weapon of war, properly applied—we beg to say that it was due to the imagination of Mr. Churchill, when First Lord of the Admiralty, and to the fertile brain of Commodore Sueter, then Second Sea Lord. That settles it.

Saving Europe.

"We are not going to save Europe by substituting JOHN BULL'S ethics for the ethics of Christianity." Thus the Rev. S. W. Hughes, successor of Dr. Clifford. And how, think you, we *shall* save Europe? Listen—"By keeping in the love of God"! For the love of God, drop this tosh!

A Loch Doon Mystery.

Who was responsible for the expenditure of a huge sum of money in the erection of an aircraft factory at Loch Doon—only to be immediately pulled down?

Wasting Food.

Will the Government consider the wisdom of granting petrol licences to small motor boats used exclusively for fishing purposes? Why deliberately waste food in this way?

In the Shipyards.

Why not Premium Bonds in the shipyards? The men are making more money than they can spend. They would welcome a patriotic flutter. It will have to come. Let them have it now.

Good Company.

Mrs. Philip Snowden says, "A change of Government is necessary; anyone was preferable to the present head except the Editor of the *British Weekly* and the Editor of JOHN BULL." Surely a distinction without a difference. JOHN BULL *is* the British Weekly.

Capital and Labour.

Our suggestion for the formation of a great Commonwealth Union, comprising all elements essential to production and output, has thoroughly caught on; and we understand that powerful groups are already at work—representative of both capital and labour—with a view to formulating such a scheme.

Petticoats at Portsmouth.

Portsmouth Dockyard is supposed to be closed to all except persons working there—and rightly so. Yet we are constantly hearing of lady visitors being received and shown the working of torpedo tubes and other things. No doubt the dear things are the sweethearts and wives of officers—but we *have* heard of women spies.

"Tank Tosh."

With reference to our paragraph, under this heading, last week, a Chiswick reader says: "I saw a tank at Chiswick Green. Overhead, in rough weather, some of our airmen were performing a number of tricks—risking their lives to attract a few hundred pounds; and I never saw a more unlikely crowd, so far as money is concerned!" There you have it.

Brotherly Love.

How journalists, like Christians, love one another! Here is our dear brother of the *Aberdare Leader* ridiculing the idea that the recent fire at our printing works was an act of Providence, arguing that "if God had anything to do with it, He would have made a clean job of it by seeing that the editor would be on the premises." Evidently, then, it was the act of the Devil.

A Damned Lie.

It is a damned lie that the Government will sooner or later repudiate the National Debt, confiscate investments, or default the interest. It is proverbially difficult to catch up a lie, but for once in a way Truth is about level with this one. Which accounts for that £150,000,000 for War Bonds in a week.

Gee-Up.

In an account of a recent week's supply of meat at Smithfield it was stated that "sundry supplies included a quantity of horseflesh for prisoners of war." The odds are at least a rabbit to a carrot sandwich that not so much as a rumpsteak of it is intended for Donington.

Luxburg for Home.

Though the Argentine Government have been a long time in getting rid of Count Luxburg, the villainous Hun diplomat who is the proud author of the "Sink Without a Trace" submarine policy, he is on the way to Germhuny at last. Why of all men this biped should expect, and have been granted, a safe passport home is incomprehensible.

Not Wanted.

An officer, wearing the much coveted D.S.O., after three years in the hands of the Huns in East Africa, came home, 8,000 miles, to do a bit. The War Office would not look at him; he is technically over age. He tried all Departments, but only succeeded in filling up forms. He was obliged at last to take private employment, sick at heart at sitting in an office instead of doing man's work. And there are others.

Six Gallant Workmen.

A cruiser at Chatham needed work done in the fighting-top. It was dangerous work, so six men were specially told off to do it. They had to go out of port with the cruiser. The weather was terrible. They toiled on a swinging stage, 90 ft. up, tied with lifelines held by their mates. On returning they were recommended for devotion to duty. But an official said leaving port was irregular, and the recommendation was never forwarded, because it might lead to questions!

A Practical Ideal.

We have a good deal of sympathy with the contention that after the war the manufacture of armaments should be taken out of private hands and placed under some form of national or even international control. It may be recalled that until 1914 several British firms were more or less directly associated with Krupps, of Essen, while the Nobel Dynamite Trust, with works near Llanelly, was owned half in England and half in Germany. Such "fraternisation" does not make for peace.

Thankful!

We confess we found some difficulty in having so frequently to mention the name of the plaintiff in our recent libel action—Mir Anwarrudin—but are truly thankful that we were not concerned in either of the following cases, which came before the Privy Council last week:—"Sri Rajah Rao Venkata Mahipathi Gangadhara Rama Rao Bahadur *v.* Sri Rajah Venkata Kumara Mahipathi Surya Rao Bahadur, Rajah of Pattapur," and "Sri Sri Sri Madana Mohana Ananga Bheema Deo Kesari Gajapathi *v.* Sri Sri Sri Purushothama Ananga Bheema Deo, since deceased." What a rush Counsel must have made from one "Bar" to the other!

Both or Which?

We would have all British prisoners in Germhuny home, even if we had to swop ten-times as many Germhuns to get them. In this the Archbishop of Canterbury has the honour to agree with us. But will his Grace be kind enough to explain what he means by saying, "it is difficult to understand why two civilised Governments cannot come to some agreement on this question"? Which is the other civilised Government?

Treasure on the Beach.

A torpedoed vessel came ashore between Seascale and Wrigg. The beach was strewn with thousands of cases of rabbits and carcases of beef and mutton, washed up from the wreck. At first a few rabbits were taken and sold; since then the vast store has been left to rot, with a stench strong enough to cause a pestilence. Had the stuff been salved, it might have served for pig-food; later, it would have been valuable as fat for glycerine. Somebody might certainly have utilised it; instead, it is a danger.

An Object on the Make.

Ex-soldiers attending a class for clerical work at the Merchant Venturers' Technical College, Bristol, are offended by the presence in the class of an Object, said to be in receipt of a pension—for what services and how earned we are puzzled to imagine. That an Object should refuse to serve his country, but calmly accept every advantage he can collar at that country's expense, is a piece of impudence common to the breed, and accounts for the irritation experienced by good men.

Beginning at the Top.

Falmouth Food Committee were treated to an address by Mr. Crawford, of the Transport Department, recommending economy in the use of horses and motors. Whereupon a Committeeman named Savage told a pretty story of a Government car and two men being sent 300 miles to fetch a man, when a 9d. telegram and a train-fare would have sufficed. Mr. Crawford, nonplussed, said "that seemed to be a worse case than usual." Apparently the Transport Department is accustomed to cases nearly as bad.

Backing the Currency.

A gallant Corporal of Engineers sends, as a souvenir, a one-franc French bank-note, which came into his possession in a village where shell-fire is a frequent visitor. The note has also been in the wars, and some genius, wishful to preserve the pieces, has pasted them together on part of a JOHN BULL cover showing JOHN'S figure in fighting form. As this is the second franc-note so treated that has reached us, it is evident that the currency of France backed by JOHN BULL is in favour. It is a pretty allegory of bigger things.

A Gruesome Job.

Not without gruesome interest is a letter of complaint from an occasional reader, at Pentonville, who had the exacting duty of "watching" the wretch Voisin in the condemned cell. This callous murderer, it seems, was disposed to cheat the gallows by suicide, and our correspondent complains that he got little enough wages considering the nature and responsibility of his job. The arrangement by which such complaints are handled by the Chief Warder, there being no appeal to the Governor, is likely some day to cause serious trouble if all we hear is true.

Pampered Prisoners.

Despite official assurances to the contrary, there is still a strong suspicion that Hun prisoners-of-war are gobbling more than their share of our restricted food supplies. The subject is one upon which Ministers have shown an unfortunate want of candour, and if half we hear is true there is ground for complaint.

The Lap of Luxury.

For instance, we are told that at Newlandside Camp, Stanhope, the Germans got—and, so far as we know, get—12 oz. of meat daily, and two pints of beer, with bacon and cheese *ad lib.*, and white bread. They have a band; it plays "The Watch on the Rhine" and "The Hymn of Hate," to aid their delicate digestion. No British prisoner was ever lapped in such luxury in Germany.

The Girl's Choice.

The *Soldier-Hunter*, that sqatty leaflet circulated in Limerick and threatening to name girls who speak to soldiers, is, in its true origin, highly flattering to our army. The fact is that the "civvies" cannot get a girl to walk with them, for the colleens have the good taste to prefer a real man. That has led to this frowsy publication, and to attacks on girls and soldiers which threaten serious trouble.

Great Scot!

The Southern Presbytery of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland met the other day and, "being concerned as to the disregard of the Lord's Day by those in authority," passed a resolution protesting against the introduction of Summer-time on Sunday—thus involving the labour of altering the clock on the Sabbath. Do the Presbytery wind up their watches on Sunday, or if they want to know the time do they ask a policeman?

Tommy's Ditty.

One verse of "a first effort" by 50039, Cpl. Bland, B. Coy., Middlesex Regiment, B.E.F.: "Onward British soldiers, Out to fight the Hun, Do not think it's over, War has just begun. There's one way to end it, Always shine and shave, This the Sergeant tells you When he's on the rave. *Chorus.*—Onward British soldiers, Wash out well your ears, Then the war'll be over In ten thousand years." Now, all together!

The Mystery of B40.

There is a story from Woolwich to the effect that the Building Works Department at the Arsenal put up a block of new buildings, costing £50,000, for women workers. When "finished," it was found to be unfinished, for lavatory and cloak-room accommodation had been entirely forgotten. £10,000 sufficed to remedy the defect; the building was used for fourteen days, and then the women were transferred elsewhere, and the structure closed. "B40" is the building's title. Can anybody identify it before it is pulled down?

s.s. *Voronej*.

Information received: "At the present time the s.s. *Voronej*, of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, is under extensive repair in the Langton Dock, Liverpool. She has been in hand, in fact, since the early part of November last. During this time the crew and officers, who are all Russians, have been on the ship. In view of our gross betrayal by Russia and the scarcity of British tonnage, it seems simply criminal to allow these men to remain. The vessel will be ready for sea in the next few weeks, and from present indications it appears that the Russians are to be allowed to proceed in it." What says the Shipping Controller?

Threatened Tenancies.

It is about time that steps were taken to protect discharged men and the wives of fighting soldiers from ejectment proceedings at the hands of grasping landlords. Unfortunately, the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act has proved unequal to the strain. We would gladly supply the outlines of a short amending Bill.

Farmers and Farm Wages.

A Claverham farmhand says he gets 25s. a week, 1s. of which is for working five hours on Sundays. In November last year he wrote to the Board of Agriculture, who told him they were forming a Wages Board. They may have formed the Board all right; what worries him is that they haven't formed any more wages—not for him, anyway.

S(c)illy Mails.

One Wednesday the Penzance boat was due to leave at 7.30 a.m. On account of the weather she remained till 6.30 a.m. Thursday, when she was sent off without Wednesday's mails "because she was supposed to have left Penzance before they were ready." On another day, the 7.30 a.m. boat didn't leave till noon on account of the tide. "Now," demands our correspondent, "as the mail train arrives at Penzance at 7.30 a.m., why didn't they send that day's mails instead of keeping them stowed away? Letters posted in Penzance last Wednesday have only been brought across to-day—Monday." As the poet says—or something like it—it's an ill wind that blows somebody nothing.

Irony.

At Hessle, near Hull, a discharged soldier has been going from door to door selling Germhun-printed postcards of Woolstone Brothers, London, E.C., to help him to live. Adding insult to injury!

Cruel Blunders.

Bombardier Collins, R.F.A., was charged at Newport as an absentee. The truth is he had been home on leave after hospital, and was awaiting travelling warrant and instructions. The police were informed, but he was remanded for escort, kept in prison on prison food for four days, removed to Ripon under escort—and then sent into hospital again. The day after he left for Ripon a telegram arrived from Woolwich directing him to await warrant and instructions. There are far too many instances of such cruel blundering.

"Waacs" in London.

Two or three W.A.A.C. girls from Bostall Heath Camp, for the first time in London, complain of "the sneers and insults they had to put up with from civilians." We apologise for the defendants in this case, who are presumably miscalled civilians because they don't know how to be civil. As a body, the W.A.A.C.s are of respectable parentage and from good homes; they are doing for their country work essential to be done; hundreds of them have lost fathers, brothers, or sweethearts in the war; and it is not playing the game, or the gentleman, to treat them with ridicule or disrespect in the streets.

Never Again.

Without venturing to enlarge upon the fiendish cruelty—she had been "roasting her step-children to death with a red-hot poker"—of that female maniac sentenced to 18 months' hard labour at Cork, may we suggest that in all such cases legal steps should be taken to ensure that the helpless victims may never at any time be returned to the cruel custody of their unnatural guardians? If an Act of Parliament is necessary, let it be passed at once.

Back to the Vasty Deep.

From Falmouth is reported a shameful case of waste of freshly-caught fish at the Naval base. One of H.M. trawlers brought in a large quantity of fish, some of which was given to them working on the docks. An officer ordered them to return the fish, and the whole was thrown into the sea. If the Admiralty will obtain particulars from the Falmouth Food Committee, it will be able to give the delinquent officer that rap over the knuckles he so richly deserves.

The Rectory and the Rabbits.

Can anybody tell us who is living at Finningley Rectory, Doncaster? He must be making piles of money. We don't say that his buck rabbits at 12s. 6d. and 11s. 6d. are not worth the price, because we haven't sampled them. But what do you think of him advertising "Advice on rabbit-farming, 7d.," and supplying not a book, or a pamphlet, but *a single leaflet?* The advertiser is lost in a rectory—he ought to be in Petticoat Lane.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda, Minister of Rations, London.

DEAR LORD RHONDDA,—I must write to you again, and please regard this note as urgent. Not to make any bones about it, the restaurants and the tea-and-bun shops are swindling the public all over the place—swindling them on the beef, the bacon, the pie, the pudding, the murphies, the haricot beans, and every concoction they manufacture. What they are asking, my Lord, is how long you intend to watch these depredators at the nefarious work without clubbing them. For goodness' sake, get along quick and hit them on the head, or very soon nobody earning less than a "fiver" a week will be able to afford a lunch confined even to a spoonful of stewed haricots. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—On more than one occasion I think I have noted a tendency in you to inflate yourself in public as the Minister for Pretentious Blab. Fresh from what you made to appear an intimate private conversation with the Prime Minister, in which he had revealed to you portentous things in being, you went down to the Free Church Council, besought them to give Mr. Lloyd George their support and their prayers, and announced that decisions of the utmost gravity—affecting the whole life of the nation for generations to come—were about to be taken. All sorts of wild and tragic rumours arose out of your speech. Awaking in the morning to find yourself once more in the papers, you whittled down your mystery to the declaration that "it is obvious to serious students of the situation that a number of the gravest war problems are pressing." Let us have no more of this from you, Sir Joseph dear, if you please. Do remember that wise old owl who lived in an oak. The more he heard, the less he spoke. The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, be more like that wise old bird! JOHN BULL.

To Miss Davies, Adelaide House, Forty Hill, Enfield.

MY DEAR MISS,—It must be awfully nice and comfy to be as well looked after as you appear to be. Although only "one in family"—including yourself, I suppose—you announce your proud possession of four maids, added to which you were recently advertising for a "good plain cook." I daresay that by now you have got one as good and plain as could be wished; so that makes five in all, which is as large a retinue as any respectable single lady can need. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Cordingley, Paint Merchant, Balmoral Road, Morecambe.

SIR,—I suppose the polite thing to do is to congratulate you upon your escape from a troublesome situation. For a little while I trembled for you. It looked to me like a serious matter when you were charged with "acquiring certain articles of food in excess of the quantities required for ordinary consumption"—76 lbs. of tea, 99 lbs. of treacle, 1,500 eggs, half a flitch of bacon, and 261 bottles of alcoholic liquor. However, the Morecambe Magistrates decided that this was not "hoarding" within the meaning of the Regulations. Really, I was afraid it might be. JOHN BULL.

To Edwin North, Derby Street, Bolton.

SIR,—You are a cruel swine, and you're lucky to get off with a fine of £20. You leave a pony in a Bolton stable for days without food and water, until it dies. When it is found, the bones are almost sticking through its skin. It has eaten about three feet of its manger, and pieces of wood are still between its teeth. Your excuse—that you bought the pony for pie meat—really makes your cruelty the more loathsome. I should like to have you here to treat you in the same way—though God forbid I should put your miserable carcase in a pie!

JOHN BULL.

To A. H. Norway, Esq., Secretary of the Posts, Sackville Street, Dublin.

SIR,—At Queenstown, when people called a few days ago to purchase War Savings Certificates, the chief post-office hadn't any on the premises, and the clerks couldn't say when the goods would arrive, if ever. At the only other post-office in the town two applicants were "obliged" with one certificate each. Whoever has gone to sleep, it seems to me about time to tickle his feet. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Leverhulme.

DEAR LEVERHULME,—Your advocacy of a six-hour day at such a time is likely to do more harm than good. I am not informed how doth the busy buzzing bee improve each shining hour among the Sunlight soap, but it goes without saying that in the shipyards a six-hour day for the next six months would reduce our rations to about one grass feed for six days a week, with a joint off the carrot patch on Sundays. The path to perdition, dear Leverhulme, is paved with good intentions; yours, I am confident, would lead us there. JOHN BULL.

To E. W. Lake, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Bury St. Edmunds Police Court.

SIR, — In my opinion a discharged soldier ought not to be sent to gaol, with consequent loss of pension, unless he has been guilty of an offence of the gravest kind; and I certainly think you and your brother Magistrates should have taken a far more lenient course in the case of William Boreham, whom you recently sentenced to two months' imprisonment. After all, the charge was of a most trifling character—five shillings' worth of damage to glass at the Bury Post Office—and in view of the man's service to his country, it is regrettable that so severe a sentence should have been passed.

JOHN BULL

TROOPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

A REAL SCANDAL—RETURNING HUNGRY TO THE FIRING LINE.

A SOLDIER on leave is a soldier recuperating. Mind as well as body demand a rest from the horrors of war, and to return to the home and to the loved ones there is a tonic so fine and invigorating that every attempt is made by the Army authorities to give Tommy all possible leave. We know there has been great hardship in the past, and that men have grown war-weary for want of a few days in Blighty. But the difficulties have been many, and the calls on the fighting man tremendous. These troubles have been in large measure overcome, and yet the authorities are content to allow a condition of things that confronts the soldier when he is returning to the fighting line which is little short of scandalous. There is still no adequate provision made for men, when passing through London, to obtain adequate food, and every night thousands of soldiers who have travelled long distances are forced to go hungry because the powers that be won't take the trouble to provide proper food and accommodation.

Uncared for in London.

Doubtless we shall be met by official denials, or an attempt made to put us off with departmental explanations. But it won't do. We have made personal inspection of such facilities as are available in the early morning for the troops crossing London returning from leave to the Front, and we have no hesitation in describing them as disgracefully inadequate. Until the Motor Transport Volunteers, under the energetic guidance of Major Freemantle, got to work, the returning soldier had no means of traversing London except on foot. Imagine arriving at Paddington in the middle of the night, after a long and wearisome railway journey, with the heavy kit of the fighting man, and a dreary tramp across London to Waterloo facing you. Well, thanks to Major Freemantle's loyal band—to his fleet of lorries and motor-cars—all that is being altered. But the scandal of the hungry soldier remains. Let us repeat this. Men returning from leave receive their last meal at the home where they have spent a few happy days. When they reach London they naturally look for another substantial meal. They look in vain.

Shivering in Early Morning.

Let us give particulars. At Paddington, several trains arrive between 3 and 4 a.m. full of troops. There is on the station a stall buffet, at which the men can get nothing more sustaining than a biscuit and a cup of tea or coffee. At St. Pancras there is no refreshment place at all open at the time the troops arrive, and the same remark applies to King's Cross, where there is no buffet. At Euston, where a miserably small buffet used to be opened, some further attempt has been made to meet the soldiers' needs by the use of the central hall, where a long table is erected to synchronise with the arrival of the trains, but the advantage of this plan is largely nullified by the insufficient number of helpers, seeing that the men arrive, not in dozens but in hundreds. Now when it is remembered that the Transport Volunteers are a limited force and that it is often necessary to hurry off men from one station to another in order to return for fresh passengers, it can be understood how the limited accommodation for refreshments is affected by the need for rapidity in getting the men away. The result is that thousands of our troops are denied even the totally inadequate nourishment of coffee and a biscuit.

Chaos Supreme.

We have seen on several occasions hundreds of men, loaded up to the eyes, waiting outside St. Pancras in the cold early morning, without food or the possibility of obtaining any. This is a state of things which is a disgrace to the authorities. These scenes are repeated nightly. But bad as matters are elsewhere, the climax is reached at Victoria Station. Here there is only a small buffet with a floor space of about 8 by 6 yards (apart from the serving counter), and this is evidently regarded as sufficient to meet the needs of thousands of departing troops. Here in the rush hours chaos reigns supreme; the majority of the men get absolutely nothing to eat, and they are packed in the leave trains for France, cold, hungry, and out of temper. Remember, too, these famished fellows may arrive at the Kentish port just in time to catch a transport, and it sometimes happens that on landing in France they are drafted straight away to their base. In any case, it is quite possible for a returning soldier to be without food for something like 36 hours. We could quote instances of soldiers, coming from Scotland and from South Wales, who have found it impossible to get any food whatever on arriving in London.

Want of Proper Organisation.

We do not wish at all to exaggerate the position, but we say deliberately it is hopelessly bad. There is an entire want of proper organisation; everything is left to chance, and while officialdom bungles the soldier suffers. It is a scandal that the military authorities should be so indifferent to the comfort of the fighting men. They can look after them well enough at the Front. Why should they be neglected or ignored merely because they are still on leave, and just at a time, too, when, having left the love and comfort of home for the Hell they know only too well, they are most susceptible to any proper attention, and naturally most sensitive of any neglect? Our fighting men have a right to claim every consideration. Never let it be forgotten that London in the early hours of the morning offers temptations to which we have no right to expose our gallant fellows. Not only are more transport facilities required, but this question of food and refreshment is one that, in the words of Mr. Asquith, "brooks no delay." Look to it, Lord Derby. You are a humane man, and the condition of things is deplorable.

"SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED——!"

OUR PROTEST AT SOLDIER'S PAUPER BURIAL.

We are glad to observe that our recent criticisms in regard to the pauper burial of an ex-soldier have been taken to heart by the Gravesend Guardians. The circumstances will be readily recalled. A man named George Gardiner, invalided from the Royal Field Artillery, died in the Gravesend Hospital, without a friend to mourn his passing. In these circumstances, we argued, it was the duty of the Relieving Officer to communicate with the Army authorities with a view to the provision of a military funeral, and this view now finds endorsement in the following letter, addressed to us by the Clerk to the Gravesend Board:—

> I am desired to inform you that the Guardians gave the subject their consideration at their Meeting yesterday, and that although they do not agree that the paragraph is accurate in all its details, it led them to pass the undermentioned Resolution, which they believe will prevent any such painful circumstances arising for the future.

The Resolution, which we cordially commend to Poor Law authorities in general, runs:—

> Resolved unanimously—That whenever any officer of the Guardians is concerned in the burial of the body of a sailor of the Royal Navy, soldier or naval or army pensioners, it be an instruction to such officer to notify the death and the place and proposed day and hour of the funeral to the nearest Naval or Military Authority.

For the "accuracy in detail" of our original paragraph we should be prepared, if necessary, to answer, but for the moment we are content to record the satisfactory outcome of an effort inspired by no other motive than a desire to see due honour done to the memory of the brave.

A GROSS BETRAYAL.

SHOCKING TREATMENT OF DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

It was in April, 1917, that Mr. A. C. Brignal, formerly for nearly two years Manager of the New Premier Picturedrome, Old Swan, Liverpool, joined the Colours, with the fulsome blessing of his Directors. "They desire me to inform you," wrote the Secretary, "of their regret on learning that you have to leave, and they sincerely hope that you may perform the duties assigned to you for the preservation of the Empire as a soldier should do." A trifle patronising and decidedly impertinent, but let that pass. There followed a clear and definite promise of reinstatement on the Manager's return to civil life. A year later Brignal was discharged from the Army, owing to wounds. Though unfit for further military service, he was still as capable as ever of following his old employment; and in these circumstances he called upon the Directors of the New Premier Picturedrome to redeem their pledge.

As our American friends say, it was "up" to these gentlemen. Moreover, the ex-Manager was in need of employment. He was a married man with two young children. These considerations were nothing to the Directors of the New Premier Picturedrome. Apparently they had no further use for Brignal. Their pledge of April 7th, 1917, was a mere "scrap of paper." To their lasting shame, they turned down the discharged soldier.

The case of Mr. Brignal is not an isolated one, nor are the Directors of the New Premier Picturedrome solitary offenders. But the episode is a type and an illustration of a scandal which we have definitely pledged ourselves to pursue and expose.

TERRIBLE TROUSERING.

A PURITANICAL INSULT TO MUNITION GIRLS.

Hadn't the Rev. Spencer Elliott better wash out his nasty mentality with a strong solution of caustic soda? A few days ago a large number of women munition workers in Sheffield took part in a "Cruiser Week" procession. In order to make the character of their splendid national work the more impressive, they appeared in their working dress of tunic and trousers. So much did the procession shock the sanctimonious susceptibilities of this puritanical pilot, that he arose at the Mayor's meeting of the House of Help for Friendless Girls and denounced the wearing of the uniform in public as most utterly too-too, though a photograph of the procession before us proves his allegation to be merely prurient fancy. "If Sheffield," he said, "raised the money to buy cruisers, I will say they are dearly bought at the price of the modesty of the girls."

A munition girl in trousers may not be as pretty a picture to the rev. gentleman as one of Stiggins raising his holy eyes to heaven, but she does more to bring home to the mind and heart and conscience of the nation the vital toil of our womankind in the home paths which make not less for our ultimate victory than those trodden unto death by our men in the fields of war. In Sheffield, or any other town where the soul of Britain lives, the spectacle of a munition girl in trousers is at least more edifying than a pharisee in petticoats, and it is in petticoats that the Rev. Spencer Elliott ought to carry on his work for the war. But, in the name of the decency he preaches, let him fasten them round his legs with an elastic band, and take off his clothes only in the dark.

THE FLAG OF "FREEDOM."

This glorious flag in Kultur's name
Shall float upon the breeze;
And thus to all the world proclaim
The Freedom of the "Seize"!

THE TRIBUNAL LAUGHED!

EXEMPTED AS REWARD FOR INSULTING A HERO.

You may wonder that a Tribunal should have a sense of humour. Very often it hasn't, but sometimes a really good joke comes along that tickles it through its thick skin. It was a wonderful joke that made the Lye (Staffs) Tribunal laugh. It was a dirty joke, made at the expense of a maimed and disabled soldier by an exempted man; and a Class A man at that. James Hill is an employer—fit, and of military age. Albert Hall is a discharged soldier, late of the 2nd South Staffords, who fought at Mons, Aisne, Marne, Ypres and Neuve Chappelle; and is crocked for life. Hall worked for Hill for six months and got practically no wages—in fact, Hall says he got nothing at all. Then Hill made a generous offer—if Hall would stay on for another six months he would pay him 5s. a week. Strange to say, this kind-hearted proposal was refused. So Hill—the brave, Class A, exempted Hill—was offended. And when he came before the Lye Tribunal (the name of the Tribunal is just a curious accident), he said: "The discharged soldier has left. I am glad he has, as he was *in the road*." It was then that the patriotic Tribunal laughed.

The joke, of course, is that the ex-soldier who was in the road is now "on" the road. Our readers may think the joke a poor one, and ex-soldiers will think it a disgraceful and insulting one, but it made the Tribunal laugh, and it got Hill three months' exemption. Can you imagine it? Not only does the Tribunal let a shirker insult a man who has suffered for his country and pass the insult without remonstrance, but it laughs; not only does it laugh at the dirty outrage, but it proceeds to give the hound three months' exemption. It must, indeed, be "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"—vacant of all feeling of gratitude to one who had done so much for them, to say nothing of the common instincts of humanity. We should like to have a quiet hour at the National Sporting Club with James Hill and the members of the Lye Tribunal.

SILVAN DELIGHTS.

BOARD RESIDENCE WITH A BACHELOR BISHOP.

Burley, near Ringwood, is a village in the New Forest, and Burley contains a Bishop—not exactly a fully-fledged specimen of the *genus episcopus*, but a real live Bishop all the same. The Right Rev. Bishop Blair, late of the Falkland Islands, has a commodious and well-appointed residence at Burley Lawn, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, his Lordship lets lodgings—not, of course, at cheap and common rates, but at fees commensurate with his dignity.

Replying to an advertisement, signed "Episcopus," in a London newspaper, a lady living in Kent and anxious to dodge the Gothas, received from the good Bishop a clear and attractive statement of the delights to be enjoyed at Burley Lawn, under high ecclesiastical patronage, at five guineas per week per head. Not only were the main attractions of the establishment described with a skill which might have excited the envy of an expert estate agent, but even its minor amenities were stated with blameless precision. "His Lordship has ponies and cobs for riding and driving. There are motor-cars in the village to be hired if required." Nor was the personal touch lacking. "His Lordship is a bachelor and has a good cook-housekeeper, maid, and help."

However, it must not be assumed that his Lordship intends to turn Burley Lawn into a common lodging-house, and to admit to its saintly precincts any gentleman—or lady—who cares to sit down to meals with him, under the chaperonage of the cook-housekeeper, at the modest fee of £5 5s. a week. The final clause of the Bishop's letter disposes finally of any such illusion. "His Lordship would like those who come here to be Members of the Church of England." It does not, however, appear that this is a cast-iron rule, so perhaps for purposes of reference Bishop Blair would be good enough to quote us his inclusive terms for Baptists or Unitarians, or—saving the presence of the cook-housekeeper—for Mormons of Salt Lake City.

"NOBODY WASN'T TO BLAME."

Somebody wasn't where he should have been
(But nobody wasn't to blame).
The Huns they come, and cut through clean
(But nobody wasn't to blame).
There's me and my mate and a navvy and a cook
Brought a whole battalion of the Huns to book,
But there's more walked in then never we took
(And nobody wasn't to blame).

They'd a nice little plan, all arrows and curves
(And nobody wasn't to blame),
On'y some dam fool forgot the reserves
(But nobody wasn't to blame).
Fritz broke our line like a sugar-stick,
He was five miles wide and two mile thick,
And we fought him with shovel, and we fought him with pick
(But nobody wasn't to blame).

They was two miles thick and five miles wide
(And nobody wasn't to blame),
And there was our Front with the Huns inside
(And nobody wasn't to blame).
By rights they ought a-gone slap-bang through
And finished off the war by half-past two,
And nobody to thank but the likes of you
(Though nobody wasn't to blame).

We fought 'em with rifle, and we fought 'em with pick
(Though nobody wasn't to blame).
And the end of it was that they hooked it quick
(And nobody wasn't to blame).
We'd our bellyful of fight, you may take my word,
'Cos the blinking battle was so dam'd absurd—
A deathless glory that shouldn't have occurred
(Though nobody wasn't to blame).

Strike me lucky! I could tell you enough
To make you blush for shame;
But the Censor's going to read this stuff,
So nobody wasn't to blame.
General A.'s got a nice V.C.,
There's a D.S.O. for General B.,
And some camp fatigues for the likes of me,
'Cos nobody wasn't to blame.

They held an inquiry with the prisoners on the Bench
(And nobody wasn't to blame).
If you want to know more, you ask the French
(And nobody wasn't to blame).
They said it happened as the Staff had planned,
Which the men what died don't understand,
And they gave three cheers for the Higher Command,
'Cos nobody wasn't to blame.

JOHN FLINT.

JUSTICE SHALLOW AT WILLESDEN.

PLAYING ODDS AND EVENS WITH THE LAW.

We hope for the sake of their souls that Alderman George Wright and the other Magistrates of the Willesden Bench have short memories. One day at the Petty Sessions they impose a fine of 5s. and another day one of £3 for the identical offence. The cases were so completely on all fours (which seems the most fitting posture for the Magistrates), that we can just state the facts common to both.

A milkman is summoned for serving milk contrary to the Public Meals Order; an assistant for aiding and abetting; a customer for consuming. The defendants pleaded ignorance of the Order, which had in fact come into force the day before the offence was committed. Well, the Worshipful Justice Shallows imposed in one case a flat rate fine of five bob per nob, and in the other case fined the milkman £3, the assistant £1, and the consumers 10s. each. Really, we have had enough of this sort of folly, and the sooner the Government appoint a Stipendiary for Willesden the sooner we shall get some sort of even-handed justice in the district. We aren't angry with the other poor old gentlemen, but somebody might put them in bath-chairs and wheel them out of the way.

HOW GOES THE D

Come to the Keyhole—A Surprise from

By THE

WELL, a lot of people have fairly got the blues. They think the war is going on for ever. It really isn't—*that*, at any rate, I *will* prophesy. And if only the lugubrious politicians would keep quiet, and not talk about things of which they know nothing, it would not be necessary for me once again to sound the note of hope and confidence. Away with gloom, I say—away with melancholy! If you think Germany is really top dog; if you think that the British Empire, with France, Italy, America and Japan at her side, can't really beat the Boche—well, come with me to Downing Street and listen at the keyhole to what M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, at grave risk to his health, has come specially over to London to tell our Government. *I* know what Sir J. Compton-Rickett had at the back of his mind when he told that City Temple meeting that "within the next few days" momentous decisions would have to be taken. And, remember, he is a bosom friend of Lloyd George. *Clemenceau has come to say that Germany is prepared to make peace with France*—and that is the beginning of the end. And if it wasn't for that vixen D.O.R.A., I would tell you more. But you will soon know. So buck up. *I know something.* And you will know it soon. But, in the meantime, I want you to consider with me the seriousness of the existing situation. All depends upon putting in the whole of our strength, and not wasting any of our energies. No more strikes! Just think if *Tommy* were to strike; if the splendid chap who is standing between us and death, and the Devil in the shape of the Hun, were to "down tools"—what then? The very thought is a shame on his gallantry, a libel on his radiant patriotism. And yet what is the difference between the man making ships on the Clyde and the man fighting before Cambrai? They are both British—both have British homes and women and children they love. Yet one is earning big wages, with domestic comfort; the other is courting death every minute, for eighteen-pence a day. His home is a dug-out; his bed the coat he stands up in. Does *he* strike; does *he* "down tools"; does *he* dispute whether it is "according to the rules" that he should be ordered to do this or that; does he raise Cain over his hours of labour; does he want more for overtime and double pay for Sundays? In God's name, let us look at things with the eyes of sanity. In the name of patriotism, let there be the silence of amity and agreement in the shipyards and engineering works of Britain; let the only noise be the noise of hammer and rivet. I am not out to lecture the workers in the great field of war, or to play the drill sergeant to the men in the yards, who are just as much fighting the foe by building ships as the poor chaps—bless them!—who are wading through blood and mud to the Promised Land of Victory.

All Hands to the Ships!

No, I am quite ready to concede that the skilled mechanic is to-day as great a national asset as the trained soldier—indeed, I go so far as to say that the war may be lost or won quite as easily on the Clyde as on the stricken fields of France and Flanders. It is that very fact that brings to us all a sense of deep responsibility; and when my ears are assailed by recriminations between the yards and the Admiralty, I feel inclined to look about once more for those ropes and those lamp-posts. I hold no brief for departmentalism. It is only by the grace of God and the strong right arm of our fighting men that the meddlers and muddlers have not brought down defeat upon our unoffending heads. But squabbles won't straighten things out—bad temper and sulky moods won't make ships. I know that there has been gross bungling and crass incompetence since the Government tried to teach the shipbuilders their business and interfered between employer and employed. Every day my post-bag brings me pitiable and often criminal instances of arrogant incompetence and ignorant bungling. Let me take a selection at random. Here is one: Men skilled in shipyard work, having been wounded and found unfit for further fighting, were sent to Oswestry, under army orders, and directed to go to Woolwich to pass a trade test. Twenty of them are actually employed at this moment in making a rifle range at Kinmel Park, although they are moulders, iron-plate workers, riveters and pipe fitters. There are crowds of men in Labour Corps not working at their proper skilled trades, where they are needed most. Or take this: On the Railway Construction Company's works in France 90 per cent. of the men are merely navvying—digging drains, etc.—although two-thirds of these are skilled shipyard men. They all get good money—that is, good for the Front—and do very little for it. And what do you think of this? At Walker's Naval Yard, Newcastle (one of the largest in the kingdom), the employees have been stopped from working overtime. The yard is closed down 15 hours out of the 24, and also on Saturday at noon until Monday morning. The men have asked for a night and day shift to be worked, and have been refused. Again, a National War Work volunteer, imported from London, tells me that at George Brown and Co.'s shipyard, Govan, overtime was stopped last month, and they are doing only 54 hours a week! Now I could multiply instances of this absence of real brains which I solemnly declare is imperilling the war position. But what is the good? We want ships—the output has grievously fallen off. How can the position be improved? Well, if blackguarding the Admiralty would do it, I would make myself amenable to the law by denouncing the authorities with all the wealth of a by no means meagre vocabulary. But it won't. And that is why I am going to make a very special appeal to the real brains and muscle of our shipyards—I mean the employers and the men—to forget all the irritations and vexations, all the injustices and absurdities under which they have been labouring, and to join hands in helping the Great Offensive. For there are things, many things, which they can do to ease the situation and improve the output. And, first of all, employers must be fair to each other and not seek to compete for labour. I heard the other day of one big firm which bought up rows of cottages and evicted the men living in them who worked for another yard. Now that kind of thing is clearly wrong. And as to the men—well, in ordinary times, I should be the first to champion them in their fight for the strict letter of Trade Union rules, and in laying down the firmest lines of demarcation between this trade and that. But *we are at war*, and the banks of the Clyde are part of the front line trenches—what happens there is vital to victory. Don't forget my plea—it is one way of fulfilling my pledge to Tommy; it is that every one of us, by playing the game at home, should lend a helping hand to the boys in the trenches.

A Surprise from the Skies.

It has become a miserable truism to say we are at the crisis of the war. The position is plain to the least observant. Germany is ready to make peace to-morrow—*on her own terms*—or to go on in the hope of delivering a smashing blow in the West. But if she is ready for the Great Offensive, so are our men at the Front. And Germany knows what she has to face. Don't be surprised when you hear of these peace overtures from the Huns—and don't believe in mere denials. General Smuts went to Switzerland on a mysterious mission, the mere whisper of which moves my Lord Curzon to anger. But the Government cannot deny the fact of that mission; and silence gives consent. Now we want no secret diplomacy in the settlement of this bloody conflict. We have paid too much, and suffered too much, to allow so-called statesmen to make a bargain behind our backs. It is the British people, the people of the Empire, who have to foot the bill, and we shall want to know what we are getting for all the blood and tears. The Kaiser and his War Lords would like to make a deal. But—deeply as we all pray for peace, dearly as we long for an end to this awful holocaust—a peace on Germany's terms at the moment when she has Russia broken and bleeding under her iron heel, would be a peace of shame and infamy. We know not now what a day may bring forth. At any hour—even as I write—the Great Offensive may begin. And when it does begin, look out for surprises. There may be checks, there may be set-backs, but if you want to be made confident in the ultimate issue, ask the splendid boys at the front what *they* think. They are sure of victory; they are radiantly certain of the ultimate triumph. And some of them know what is in store for the Hun. They know what America is doing *at the Front*. They know what our own wonderful airmen are preparing for. Fine as has been the recent fighting of our boys in the air, splendid as is the ascendancy we have won over the

...Y ?—"ALL'S WELL!"

...he Skies—My War with the War Office.

...EDITOR.

flying Boche, these achievements in the skies are as nothing to what may be expected. Berlin has too long been out of our aerial reach. *It is so no longer.* Look out for a great surprise from the skies, and the Devil help the Hun!

My War with the War Office.

If ever there was a time when we ought to look not only with confidence, but with gratitude, to the man at the Front, it is now. How splendidly he sticks it—with what heroism he confronts all the lowering dangers and crippling discomforts of the firing line! And it is because he deserves our gratitude—yes, and our affection—that I intend to fight for him whenever I think he is a victim of unfairness and injustice. Take this business of the Courts-Martial. Here I am at war with the War Office, and I intend to win. I mean to make it impossible for any dear son or beloved husband in the future to be tried without all those legal safeguards which, if the soldier were back in civil life, he would enjoy as a right. He is, after all, only Tom, Dick or Harry in khaki "for the duration," and I am not going to stand by and see him imprisoned—or, what is worse, made to suffer the ignominy of death from the rifles of a firing squad—without making it certain that he shall have as fair a trial as any burglar or murderer who wars against ordered society. I am glad that the facts I have been able to make public under the title "Shot at Dawn" have stirred the national heart and perturbed the official mind. That poor lad will not have died in vain if, by his death, we secure fairer and safer—that is, more legal—methods of procedure, and ensure that in every case of the death sentence there shall be the right of appeal. This, in turn, implies that the sentence of the Court shall be known to the accused as soon as it is passed, and shall not be sprung upon the unhappy soldier the night before his execution.

Indictment of the System.

Let me say again—and after the long interview I had with the distinguished officer who holds the position of Director of Personal Services I am anxious there should be no mistake—I am not indicting the men who are called upon to carry out the system, but the system itself. The officer in question has been good enough to write in regard to my last article, "Let me say at once that I think it a most fair and accurate record of the interview which took place." He continues: "There is one mistake, however. You say 'his counsel could not, according to these precious Regulations have secured an interval of grace of more than a few hours.' The word Regulations is wrong, as it is Rules of Procedure." Now that is the sort of correction which makes me despair of the official mind. For what does it matter? Rules or Regulations, my contention is that they are out of date; that they do not conform as they should with the principle of British justice and the practice of the British Courts, and that they must be forthwith amended.

> "In attacking any system," continues the Director of Personal Services, "connected with the Rules of Procedure and the Army Act, the people to go for are not the unfortunate soldiers, whose duty requires them to administer the law, but the House of Commons who passed the law. When these Rules of Procedure (which you erroneously call Regulations) became law it would be open to any Member of Parliament—as far as I understand Parliamentary procedure—to have objected to the Rules of Procedure when they were laid on the table of the House, but so far as I am aware few people in those days took much interest in the Army. I know you will see the point, and I think the general tenor of your article is to create the impression that you are satisfied that the law was properly administered in this case, but that your objection is to the law itself, and I have a pleasant recollection that at the beginning of our interview it was quite clearly understood between us that I was to show you as far as possible what did happen, and that I did not intend in any way to endeavour to meet any particular opinion which you might hold in regard to the law or the case in general. Your article also, I am pleased to notice, seems to convey that impression—it certainly does to me."

But while it is quite true that my indictment is against the system, I still am of opinion that there was laxity in the particular trial I have criticised; but without the minutes of evidence it was impossible to arrive at the facts in the particular case—a sadly pathetic case—of the young officer ("gallant" I am pleased to note was the adjective used in the House by the Under-Secretary for War), whose untimely end, in circumstances so tragic and heart-rending, induced me to inquire into the whole method of Military Courts-Martial. Mr. Macpherson, in replying to an able appeal from Mr. Pringle, based on my revelations, practically challenged the House of Commons to deal with the matter by amending the Army Act, and before these lines are in print those who are so well seconding me in my fight for humanity and justice may have availed themselves of an opportunity of moving the necessary amendments. I beg every reader and every discharged soldier—for you all have votes to-day—to watch very carefully the doings of your M.P.s in this vital matter. Don't forget that the time will come when the boys in the line will have rejoined you in civil life, and, they, too, will note with jealous eyes what happens in the House of Commons. Woe to the M.P. who by his vote denies to the fighting man that fuller justice for which I am contending! Let him call himself Comrade or by any other appealing name, he will be judged by his vote—and if by the time you read this article those amendments conceding the right of legal assistance from the moment of arrest, and giving the right of appeal against the sentence of death have been moved in the Commons, I want every man who has worn the King's uniform to note well how his M.P. voted. I think the list of opponents, if any, would make instructive reading, and I promise to publish it.

His Strength and His Weakness.

Never forget this: that the serving soldier is at once the strongest and the weakest man imaginable—strong as a fighter against his country's foes, weak indeed as a fighter where his own interests are concerned. So long as we have armies, so long as we wage wars, this position of inferiority, viewed from the civilian standpoint, is inevitable. That is why I intend to stand by him, to make this journal the Tribune of Tommy, to voice his every grievance that is genuine, and not an amiable bit of grousing. The soldiers cannot combine; there is no such thing as an Army Union—they must do what they are told, work all hours in all weathers, carry their lives in their hands, sleeping or waking, endure discomforts and dangers that we who sleep safely in our beds cannot even imagine. Tommy is subject to a rigid—necessarily a rigid—discipline, although until he answered his country's call he knew nothing more irksome than getting to work betimes and going to sleep when he chose. His whole life has been changed. He no longer has a separate identity—although he has an identification disc. He is one of a mass, an ordered mass of men, and it is that order which gives it fighting efficiency. And therefore so long as he wears the King's uniform and cannot fight for himself, I intend to fight for him.

The Albert Hall Rally.

But there is the ex-fighting man—the discharged and demobilised sailor and soldier. He is in a different position. He has served his country and—maimed in body, it may be, or broken in health—he has returned to the ranks of civil life, to take up once more the threads which were broken when he joined the Army. He *can* combine; he is entitled to join forces for mutual benefit—to secure his just rights at the hands of the State, to ensure that he and those dependent upon him shall never suffer the insults of cold charity or be thrown upon the bounty of the benevolent. There must be no complaining in our streets where the old soldier is concerned, no repetition of the wholesale scandals which have always followed previous wars. Already there is too much evidence that the man who has fought is the man who will speedily be forgotten unless those of us who have power in the Press and influence with the public help him to secure his just rights. And it is because I am convinced of the need for combination that I am lending my earnest support to the National Federation which the Demobilised and Discharged Men have formed for their own protection. That Federation is growing with lusty vigour, and the great rally at the Albert Hall of the London branches will give the people of the Metropolis, and through them the wider public all over the country, some idea of their strength and their aims. Tommy shall never be allowed to feel, if I can help it, that the nation's resources are lavished upon him only when he is fighting—that he can jolly well fend for himself at any and every other time. My pledge to Tommy and Jack, which is printed every week in these pages, stands!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE POLLUTER OF PATRIOTISM.

Prim-Looking Party (*producing leaflet from corpulent handbag*) : Will you please take this and read it when you get home?

Working Woman (*with small boy carrying toy gun*) : What is it?

P.-L. Party (*glancing furtively at other occupants of the compartment*) : A little pamphlet which should be interesting to you as a mother.

Working Woman (*taking it*) : Let's have a look.

P.-L. Party (*hurriedly, and looking around uneasily*) : Don't trouble to read it now. Wait till you get home and can peruse it quietly and think it over.

Working Woman : What's the matter? You seem sort of uneasy now you've given it to me. Sit still, Johnny, and let mother look. (*Reads*) "Military—Militarism and Education." What does that mean?

P.-L. Party (*glancing with increased confusion at soldier in opposite corner*) : It is not a subject one can usefully discuss in public. It is for your *private* reading. Do you understand?

Working Woman : I understand that when a stranger gives me a paper to read on the quiet I've a right to see what it is before I accept it. . . . This appears to be against school-boys joining the Cadets. Why?

P.-L. Party : Because there is a danger of its fostering the military spirit in the young, since you insist upon talking about it.

Working Woman : Why shouldn't I? You give me the pamphlet in public—why shouldn't you explain it in public? I don't like nothing underhand. I've had some dirty pacifist leaflets pushed through my letter-box at night by some cowardly sneak who hasn't either the pluck to do his nasty job by daylight or to do his bit for the country, like a man. My man's doing his bit in France, risking his life for *you* as much as for me, and I wouldn't care to read anything of the conchy sort behind his back.

Soldier : That's right, mother. There's a bit too much o' that sorter thing going on, to my way o' thinking.

P.-L. Party (*growing warm*) : The pamphlet merely insists that our children shall not be imbued with the fighting spirit at a tender age by being compelled to join Cadet Corps and trained in military exercises.

Working Woman : Any healthy-minded youngster don't want no compellin', ma'am. Did you ever see a lively nipper that didn't want to play at soldiers, whether there was a war on or whether there wasn't?

P.-L. Party : It is that survival of brutish instincts which all right-minded people desire to suppress.

Soldier : *You'd* be in a pretty pickle to-day, missus, if it 'adn't 'ave been for the British fighting spirit that kept the Huns out of England.

P.-L. Party (*loftily*) : I am quite confident that no harm would have come to *me*.

Working Woman (*smiling*) : I think p'raps you're right, ma'am, after a good look at you, although they *do* say the Huns ain't over particular in the matter of women. But I think you're going the wrong way to work to help the old country just now. While our men are fighting and dying we women have got to keep our spirits up somehow, and try to make our boys grow up as stout-hearted as their fathers.

P.-L. Party : I decline to discuss the subject.

Working Woman : Of course you do! You don't mind slipping a pamphlet in a stranger's hand on the quiet, hoping to influence her mind and make her a traitor to the boys that are facing death for us. . . . That's it; get out and find another carriage. P'raps you'll 'ave better luck.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie").

"Birmingham Daily Mail" :—
"First Moonlight Raid: Last night's raid was the first on London by aeroplane before the moon had risen."

"Newcastle Evening Chronicle" :—
"The Bench, in view of previous convictions, was recommended for deportation."

"Brecon and Radnor Express" :—
"Mr. —— ——, who joined the Mon. Regt. in 1914, will regret to learn that he has been wounded in France."

"South of India Observer" (advertisement) :—
"Refined Eucalyptus Oil, as supplied to the Government Medical Stores. . . . Beware of our seal and label."

"Liverpool Express" :—
"It was in the interests of food production that pigs should be kept in some of the city parks. They, accordingly, recommended that the Superintendent should be kept in some of the city parks."

"Wolverhampton Express and Star" :—
"Councillors ——, ——, and —— were re-elected Overseers of the Palace on Monday evening and were received in audience by the King."

"Daily Telegraph" (Sydney, N.S.W.) :—
"The A.W.U. . . . carried a resolution to the effect that the P.L.L. be asked to take some action in reference to aliens being employed . . . in preference to men who have been killed at the front."

"Bishopsgate Chapel Magazine" :—
"Our friends will not fail to notice that on Sunday, March 24th, the clocks will have to be put back one hour, to give us extra daylight."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week, were the following :—

Trying Times.

The wife of a soldier who is serving in India is in delicate health, and has the extra burden of an invalid mother. The Army allowance was insufficient for the needs of the worried applicant.

Bereaved and Bewildered.

A pathetic little letter reached us from a recently widowed woman. Her husband died on active service; and she told us she was in great need of money for arrears of rent, etc., her pension not yet having been fixed.

The Curse of the Service.

Once again we have received an appeal from a poor fellow discharged from the Service on account of having contracted consumption. He is awaiting admission into a sanatorium, to linger out his days. Meanwhile he had exhausted his gratuity, and did not know where the next week's rent was coming from, or the next meal for himself, his wife, and two babies.

The Baker's Bill.

It gives us more pleasure to pay the baker's bill than the doctor's. In one home to which we brought relief were six hearty children, not one of them old enough to earn a penny, and a baby, the tending of which prevented the mother from working to add to her income. Small debts to other tradesmen were also pressing, and the woman was quite unable to see how she could make ends meet.

The Children Again.

The mother of four asked for help to pay the doctor's bill for a small girl suffering from pneumonia, as she found it impossible to do so out of her allowance.

Cash for a "Coster."

An old soldier is anxious to earn a living by costering. Kind friends have made a collection on his behalf, and the holder of the cash asked our further help.

From War to Woe.

Some Leaves are sad, as the next applicant to our Fund found. During his brief spell at home, he attended the burial of his child and sat by the bedside of his sick wife. After paying the expenses of the funeral, he had nothing left to obtain nourishment which the doctor had ordered for the invalid.

Other Cases of Help.

Child of soldier down with measles; another with whooping cough.

Discharged with shell shock. Waiting to start work, but nothing left of gratuity.

Another soldier's child ill. Many extras required which allowance will not provide.

Having lost father and brother, a poor woman was sitting at bedside of dying mother.

Special diet and attendance required for soldier's wife, to enable her to get well and work again.

An Irish lady recently lost her husband, and was notified that her last son had been killed. No pension.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Sgt. H. A., 6s. 6d.; Cpl. F. C., 2s. 6d.; "Marian," 1s.; Mrs. M. C., 1s. and parcel; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Vega* (per F. V. E.), 13s.; W. H. (Inverness), 2s.; E. M. W., 3d.; "A J.B. Reader," 2s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; J. C. H. (Nottingham), 1s.; Women Workers at Messrs. Hoe and Co., Ltd. (per A. M.), £1 10s. 9d.; "Munition Worker" (Hull), 5s.; "An Orphan," 3s. 6d.; "Orillel," 1s.; "Baba," 1s.; "M. A. G. Thankful," 2s.; A. G. (Glos.), 1s.; H. L. G. (H. M. D. *Silver King*), 5s.; Capt. O., 6s.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; H. E. H. (Cork), £1; C. (Greenock), 13s. 8d.; "Seven School Companions" (Dunfermline), 2s.; E. M. G. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; P. E. N., 2s. 6d.; H. E. S. (Holloway), 5s. 6d.; A. A. (Oakham), 1s. 6d.; "5s. Winner," 6d.; "Lover of Justice" (Bermondsey), 1s.; "Canadian Petty Officer," 3 dollars; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 3s.; J. W. (Wells), 2s. 6d.; "Pastor" (Little Lever), 5s.; A. F. H. B. (Mon.), 5s.; Mrs. E. F. (Barnes), £1 1s.; Mrs. G. B. (Hull), 10s.; "Madam," £1 1s.; H. J. (Swansea), 6d.; "Britannicus," 1s.; U. R. J. (Leamington Spa), £3 2s.; "Grateful" (Midhurst), 5s.; G. C., 1s.; J. B. (Grangemouth), 4s.; R. F. F., £3; "Florrie, Bobbie and Kitty," 2s. 6d.; "W.," 10s.; A. H., 1s.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; S. A. W., 2s.; A. D. (Rochdale), 2s.; J. F. (Bristol), 2s.; H. J. C. (Westminster), £1 1s.; 7th A. V. C., 2s.; W. H. M. (Everton), 2s.; C. E., 1s.; J. S. (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Over Age," 1s.; "An Anxious Wife," 1s.; Mrs. F. (Manningham), 2s. 6d.; W. T. G., 1s. 3d.; "Beverlac" (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "Traveller," 5s.; W. E., 1s.; C. F. G., 5s.; W. E. C., 6s.; M. C. B. (Faversham), 5s.; Mrs. O. (Liverpool), £5; J. and L. P., 10s.; "Old Jack," 2s. 6d.; I. O. S., 2s.; "Sympathy," 2s. 6d.; E. J., £1; "Glastonbury P.O. Collecting Box," 8s.; Mrs. E. V. (Coventry), 1s.; F. R. E., 1s. 9d.; W. H., 2s.; Mrs. M. H. W., 2s. 6d.; "Pickles and Tos" (Sheffield), 1s.; E. L. G. (Southsea), 1s.; F. J. W. (Widnes), 5s.; R. O. (Birmingham), £2; "Bessie," 1s.; "Ghurka Convalescent," £1; J. B. (Liverpool), 5s.; "1918" (Ware), 2s. 6d.; A. W. M. (York), 1s.; "Suffolk," 5s.; "A Durham Englishman," 1s.; Gunn Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 16s. 6d.; "Loco Driver" (Faversham), 1s.; C. W. (Littlehampton), 5s.; J. H. H. (Darcy), 10s.; A. E., 6d.; W. J. H. (A.S.C.), 5s.; "Annie's Wife," 3s.; "Bereaved," 2s.; Firemen's Mess, H.M.T., *Valiant*, 7l. (per G. W.), £1; "35th Division Dump," £1; A. T. (Cheltenham), 3s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. G. S. (Leeds), 5s.; "Taxi Driver 5377," 1s.; L. K. B. (St. Mary Cray), 2s. 6d.; "(Late) Sister's Girl," 2s. 6d.; J. McM., 1s.; E. W. P., 1s.; "Treble," £1 1s.; R. S. (R. E. F.), 5s. 10d.; "A 6 Boy," 1s.; F. S. R. K., 5s.; G. J. (N. Kensington), 6d.

Miss M. W. Cooper, the winner of the First Prize in our 274th "Ballots" Competition, has kindly sent us £5

"Give me only 15 minutes of your time daily, and I'll make you a Self-confident, Forceful Speaker."

So declares Grenville Kleiser, whose practical Correspondence Course in Public Speaking is worth the serious attention of every man and woman who has, or may have, any occasion to speak in public. If you can devote to it only 15 minutes of your time daily, in your office or home, this course will teach you quickly how to

argue effectively and winningly; tell witty stories; make after-dinner speeches; propose and respond to toasts; do public business; grip and hold attention; converse entertainingly.

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NAME.....

(Write Address in margin below)

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August*, 1916.

Tommy and the Tank Stunt.

We have numerous letters of complaint from soldiers who tell us that a compulsory stoppage from their pay is made for the purpose of the money being invested in War Bonds. We want to know by whose direction.

Thou Shalt Not Smoke.

Patients of the hospital at Wellington, Salop, complain that the weekly allowance of cigarettes or tobacco is quite inadequate to their need. If the poor fellows cannot get their proper quantity, in the name of goodness let them have some money out of their credits! The men prefer short rations of food to short rations of smokes.

The Duke of Cambridge's Own.

If any of the womenfolk whose husbands were with the now disbanded 11th Middlesex are in difficulties, they should write to Mrs. Charlton Lane or to Mrs. Stuart Cook, at Trodenham Lodge, South Farnborough, Hants.

No "Loving" or "Kissing."

King's Weston is about four miles south of Bristol, and the patients of the Auxiliary Hospital used to travel there at the cost of fourpence. Now they are asked to find eightpence—nearly half a day's pay. The following threat has gone forth:—"It has been brought to my notice that conductors on the Avonmouth bus service are making a practice of allowing wounded soldiers to travel at a reduced fare. Any instance that is reported after the issue of this notice will be severely dealt with.—R. G. Pittard, Traffic Superintendent." It seems "soulless."

Stiffs at Sheppey.

At Eastchurch, on the Isle of Sheppey, it is common to see poor maimed beggars out on parade carrying rifles and holding themselves up with stout sticks. And yet Sheppey is not in Prussia!

Happiness at Moorfields.

We are assured that Moorfields Hospital is now well supplied with concert parties, and no further offers of entertainment are therefore necessary. We wish to thank the numerous kind folk who so generously answered our appeal. We received over 80 offers of help, and are glad that so many are keen to amuse our sick and wounded.

Can It Be True?

We are told by the men of the Eastern Command Labour Centre at Sutton that no Orderly Officer has visited their mess-rooms to ask for complaints since Christmas. We intend to look further into this.

A Word for the Officer.

We help Tommy; we also like to help his Commander. What can be thought of the following Order?:—"S.C.C. No. 296-18 is published for information. All authorities granted prior to 1st January, 1918, for the issue of the allowance in lieu of rations, except to individual officers, are cancelled as from 1st March, 1918, inclusive. In future the allowance in lieu of rations will only be granted in very exceptional circumstances, and in all applications the circumstances under which it is impossible to utilise rations in kind must be clearly stated." On whose authority was it issued?

Greased Lightning.

Of course everything is done to secure that only fit men are retained for Military Service! An army doctor in the Yorkshire district recently passed three hundred men in the space of an hour and a quarter. Lest it be thought that he is the smartest doctor in the world, we should explain that in all cases of heart trouble he simply put a stethoscope on the tunics of the men, which tunics covered cardigans and vests. We wish we had an ear equal to that of this marvellous medico! Possibly he has a microphone concealed about him somewhere.

The Mons Star.

On October 20th, 1914, twenty-five Royal Marines were landed under a naval officer at Nieuport, for operations against the German right wing. Some were killed; most were wounded—and yet they cannot receive the reward of the Mons Star. Why?

Playing It Low Down.

Last month the *Philadelphian* was torpedoed, and when the survivors got ashore at Plymouth they were visited by a tailor who supplied each man with a rig out. The sailors understood that the clothing was entirely free, but when they came to be paid off each of them was presented with a bill for the goods, and pressed for payment. By the way, we note that one receipt, for £3 18s. 10d, given by the tailor, was not duly stamped. Here's a hint for the Revenue authorities!

Rather Tough for the Tug.

The crew of one of H.M. tugs tell us that on three occasions when they were towing targets for firing practice by the Fleet the tug was hit, and they suffered some serious casualties. They bucked against further towing work, and as a result were "crimed" and sent to prison. They are not Royal Naval ratings, but mercantile Jacks. If His Majesty wishes to know the name of the boat and the circumstances of the case, we shall be pleased to supply the information.

BRAIN MAGIC.

Income Increased 300 per cent.

Are you "pelmanising"?

Have you read, or heard, or thought about the wonderful "brain-growing" method that is creating such a sensation by its almost magical results?

Everybody, from Royalty downwards, is busily "pelmanising" and praising the system. The sooner you begin to "pelmanise" the better for your pocket and your prospects.

The first "pelmanist" I ever met was a Serbian army officer in the wilds of Macedonia. Not even the horrors of the Great Retreat had parted him from his treasured Pelman books; he had carried and studied them throughout the whole campaign.

That was months ago. Since then I have found hundreds—thousands—of "pelmanists" in the British and French armies, and it is an open secret that the officers of our smartest battleships and cruisers are enthusiastic "pelmanists." So are eighty British generals and admirals as well as over 20,000 other officers and men.

A system which evokes *voluntary* testimony from every class is well worth investigation. Who can *afford* to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.'s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. In the Pelman Register there are British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty, and other Government officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others.

A member of the House of Lords goes so far as to say that the Pelman System should be included in our national scheme of education; and this view is warmly endorsed by Mr. Bottomley, the editor of "John Bull." "A Pelman-trained nation would be irresistible," wrote another well-known journalist.

Most people reckon themselves well off if they can earn £1 or £2 a day, but there is one man who tells how he added £145 to his income as the result of 72 hours' work.

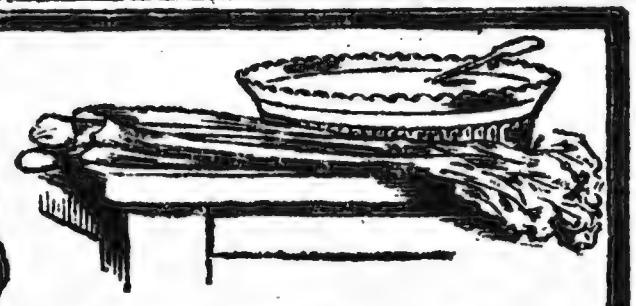
He became a "pelmanist." The average time for the study is about 6 hours a week—an hour each day. That means 72 hours (3 days of 24 hours) for the whole course of lessons, which, as he writes, resulted in an increase of £145 in his salary, besides other advantages.

"But what is this Pelman System and what does it do?" asks the reader. Well, it is a system which does even more for the brain than scientific physical culture does for the muscles of the body. Far more. By a series of short, simple, and delightfully fascinating exercises, the brain is drilled and developed to a marvellous extent, doubling and trebling the "pelmanist's" capabilities and his or her (for there are thousands of women "pelmanists") *income*. Letters are daily received at the Pelman Institute telling of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of income resulting directly from "pelmanising." And, these, remember, include men and women of all vocations—clerks, typists, shop assistants, artisans, merchants, managers, directors, journalists, doctors, musicians, clergymen, lawyers, authors, actors, as well as officers and men in the Army and Navy.

In fact it is clearly proved that "pelmanising" means that in a few weeks, by practising for a few minutes daily, anyone can open up the road to Fortune, success, and even wealth and fame.

"Pelmanism" is fully explained in an interesting book which every reader of "John Bull" should at once get and read. It is called "Mind and Memory," and can be secured gratis and post free by writing to-day to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day for a copy, and take "The Road to Success" (as "Truth" christened it). It will be the wisest and most profitable act of your life—a step which will lead to greater prosperity for you, as it has already done in the case of the 250,000 "pelmanists" now practising this wonderful system in all parts of the Empire, and by its aid achieving success in all the arts of "Peace and War."



Help out the Rations!

Bird's Custard and Rhubarb!
——"Great" for health!

Foremost among the foods that 'feed' growing children and make for health and vigour stands Bird's Custard and Rhubarb.

Bird's Custard is of double importance in War-time as it enormously increases the food value of milk.

With stewed Rhubarb it makes a delicious, refreshing, and body-building dish, *and* aids the system to extract the fullest nourishment from your rations.

Cost counts nowadays, and there is no cheaper dish than Rhubarb and

Bird's
Nutritious Custard.

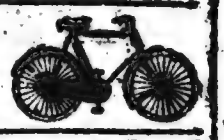
Sold in Pkts, Boxes and large Tins.

You can laugh at sugar shortage!
Bird's Custard made with two good tablespoonfuls of sugar is sufficient sweetening for Rhubarb.

C203

MATERNITY Clinic's Patented Telling Bands to reassure. Skirts [illegible] **BABY OUTFITS.** [illegible] Illustrated Booklet, Patterns and Patent Baby Cloth [illegible] Warehouse: 80, Upper Gloucester Pl., Marylebone.

BICYCLE CLEARANCE.
Write for my bargain lists of Premiers, Humbers, Swifts, Royers, &c., from £7 10s. 6d. cash (Maker's price £12 12s.). George King, Ltd., Coventry.



"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet.

TIZ is grand for puffed, tender, perspiring feet, burning corns, and chilblains.

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't frighten and hurt your feet.

Pte. I. T. Jones, A.S.C., M.T., Hounslow, writes: "TIZ does exactly what you claim for it, and is a real cure for bad feet. My feet were awful. I had chilblains very badly, and could hardly walk, but after soaking my feet twice in warm water and TIZ I was able to *run*."

A box of TIZ is always welcome at the Front. Get a 1/3 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/3.

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples?

Are you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema in any part of your body? Are you disfigured by ugly pimples, face spots, or a rash? If so, remember you need not suffer in this way. Antexema will at once arrest the progress of the trouble, and soon your skin illness will vanish, never to return. It's just the same with every other skin illness; bad legs, bad hands, chaps, chilblains, rashes, red, rough, or chafed skin, and every similar trouble are quickly cured by this miraculous British skin remedy.

Get Antexema to-day

All chemists and stores, also Boots', Lewis and Burrow's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Parke's supply Antexema at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/-, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Foster Clark's
Best Substitute for Meat.
2d Soups

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

F. J. C. (Youghal).—If, in the absence of special legislation, the Irish Government have no power to increase the retired allowance of R.I.C. men, you'll probably have to wait for Home Rule.

Mrs. N. (King's Cross).—We should like women with babies in arms served first, but if it were made compulsory there would be a big trade in borrowed infants.

"Little Waac."—"I have a father and three brothers, all soldiers. I am a Waac, and when people pass rude remarks I put it down to their ignorance." Good girl! If one of your gallant brothers was with you, the nasty remarkers would shut their mouths tight as a miser's pocket.

W. H. P. (London, S.W.).—"The ultimate end and object of all things is not good but evil." Don't you believe it! It's the King of Devils who says "Evil, be thou my good."

"A Soldier's Wife" (Darlington).—We say that no soldier travelling on the country's service should have to stand in a third while firsts and seconds have vacant seats.

L. R. W. (Peckham).—Yours is a good solid growl about rations, but doesn't it console you to know we are all in the same boat?

"Well Wisher" (Egremont).—You are evidently not a very attentive reader, or you would have seen our crushing rejoinder to the *Star* and *Daily News* references to our recent lecture at Swindon.

"Sheldon."—No, the Federation condemned by Judge Ruegg in the Birmingham County Court has nothing whatever to do with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers. Fancy asking such a question!

G. W. (Ilford).—When a shopman is fined for using unjust scales, we should term that "serious grounds" for a customer changing to another sugar retailer, and the local Food Officer ought to grant the transfer when requested.

"Anti-Hun."—It would not surprise us at all to learn that the Huns inoculate their prisoners with tuberculosis immediately prior to their release. All the world knows by now that there is no infamy of which the bestial Germans are not capable.

W. D. C. (Langholm).—You must indeed be getting old, not to say senile, if doubts as to the wisdom of our continuing the war rise in your mind. We are not now fighting merely for the liberation of Belgium, but for *our very existence*.

B. D. and S. (Brick Lane, E.).—"The cleverest composers in music in Europe" at present are the Allies, who are busy preparing a tune to which Germany will be compelled to dance presently.

J. A. S. (Edinburgh) says "There may be some sense in the eccentricities of other people which we do not understand." That's poss.

"Collier" (Wigan).—We will not read screeds stinking like kipper and looking like spotted fever. We also have our feelings.

"Paper-hanger" (Manchester).—"I like 'John Bull's Letter Bag.'" Such discerning taste commands our respectful admiration.

J. W. J. (Leicester).—"The big bee flies high, The little one gets honey; The working man toils all the week, And Lloyd George gets his money." Depends on your definition of a working man.

P. D. T. (Leeds).—Well, Heaven may not be an exclusively British possession, but we shall be disappointed if, as a result of this war, it becomes a Germhun one.

"Disgusted" (Clapham).—As long as distillers are allowed to water whisky and charge high prices for a smell of it they will not fuss about a return to the old days.

"Working Man" (Shifnal).—Forty men waiting for allotments and Shifnal Council won't move? If the Councillors won't be gingered at next election you must shift 'n all

"Constant Reader" (France).—Joined when over age to avenge two sons, killed, 17 months in France, you "can't keep up with the young ones now." As you were foreman market gardener, you deserve release for agricultural work. What says your C.O.?

G. U. (Brentwood).—"So if this meets the guilty owner, I'll leave you now to think it over." If you think that as rhyme will do, Think it over, Guilty U.

T. C. and A. L. (Trawlermen).—"The shore staff get fish given, but we who go to sea and catch it get none." It's a thundering shame.

Mrs. G. R. (Liverpool).—Have several times advised our readers not to have anything to do with Holmes, of 12, Philipsburgh Avenue, Fairview, Dublin, and his "snowball" butter scheme.

A. R. B. (Southend).—If he says "We have none," and you saw him hide the bacon under the counter, tell the nearest policeman, who will certainly stand no gammon.

"Machine Gunner" (B.E.F.).—It was a real funny "humorist" who wrote of soldiers smoking cigarettes while wearing gas helmets.

Corp. P. A. M. (Newhaven).—Your suggestion that wounded soldiers in hospital should submit to a meatless day to help the civilian population to get more food, does not meet our views. It is for the civilians to deprive themselves for the sake of the wounded, not *vice versa*.

J. L. (Maida Hill).—So far as our observation goes, soldiers and sailors are the last persons in the world to need the assistance of a matrimonial agency to help them to find sweethearts and wives, and as we cannot open such a department we cannot give you a job in it.

"A Southend Resident." — The pacific and pro-Hun views of the Rev. A. D. Belden do not surprise us. We know the breed too well. What fills us with disgust and astonishment is that he can get together a congregation to listen to his unpatriotic blather. There must be something rotten in the state of Southend.

"Civil Engineer" (Cardiff).—"Since you wrote about it, the Bridge and Quarterdeck have had their demands satisfactorily met. But the Engineer Officers are equally entitled to fair and just treatment. If not, nobody is.

"ONLOOKER" (Morcott).—"I am a reader of JOHN BULL." So are several other good people.

"A SIMPLE NOBODY" (Halifax).—We greatly appreciate your sympathy, and thank you for the rather gruesome little red-flannel Scapular. Since, however, we do not subscribe to your religious creed, and the article in question is scarcely big enough to serve the purpose of a chest-protector, we shall not pin it on our manly bosom, but treasure it amongst other tokens of our readers' affection.

C. B. (Exeter).—Your interpretation of Rev. 18, v. 18 does not interest us. If the Kaiser is not the Devil, he is a devil of a Kaiser, and it requires no "666" to prove it.

"HUNGRY" (Walthamstow).—If you want a Sunday joint for 1s. 8d., the butcher is sure to make bones about it.

MRS. M. C. K. (Teignmouth).—Afraid everybody must expect to suffer more and more hardships during this war. To exempt from Income Tax "widows and spinsters whose income is under £200" is reasonable.

JENNY B. (Redditch).—"You are a man after my own heart." Shows how one can pursue things without knowing it.

"TWO SOLDIERS" (Prees Heath).—6s. 2d. for two teas in a cafe seems to suggest that Prees Heath is a nice place to stay away from.

SGT. W.—You are not good-looking, but you want to meet a nice English girl, "must have fair income"—and then you would "accomplish something of a definite nature." Well, we won't give you away, but you *have* got a gall.

"WEE MAC." (Auchtermuchty).—Gang awa', mon, or ye'll feel a draught under yer kilt.

"YOUNG PACIFIST" (Annandale).—Does your mother know you're out? If not, for goodness' sake go in.

C. F. (late Q.V.R.).—"I don't know Arthur Mee's address, but a par. in your journal would sure hit his eye." What makes you think we want to hit Arthur Mee in the eye?

E. D. (Leicester).—Two schools are only open half-time, because the War Office has taken one. But do the children grumble much?

R. T. (Mansfield).—We have very great pleasure in informing you that Sir Roger Casement was shot on 3rd August, 1916. So perish all traitors.

"SCOT" (Dalkeith). — "My dear JOHN BULL, You're never dull, You make us all the wiser; Of pity, pathos, wit your full, Of whackings there is ne'er a lull, And—don't you whack the Kaiser!" Take half our sausage ration.

L. I. (Crawley).—Careful examination under the office microscope has failed to discover the point of your story.

"OBSERVER" (Yarmouth).—Why so much fuss about the way your second wife has started to do her hair? If she pulled yours, you might reasonably get excited.

L. C. (Derby).—"Where has the haricot been?" Perchance to see the beet root, or the hen run, or the potato bred, or the egg shop, or the butchers meet. Now go and get your hare cut.

"A DISGUSTED WESLEYAN" (Keighley).—No wonder you were disgusted after reading the anti-British tirade of the Rev. (save the mark!) H. T. Dixon, of your town, at the meeting of the Women's Peace Crusade Movement held at Cross Hill. A pretty parson, to boast that he had never by act or word done anything to help on the war. Keighley suffers fools and fatuous pacifists gladly if Dixon is still able to show his face there.

L. M. (Fulham, S.W.).—Your advertisement for an assistant said plainly "any nationality," and as "any nationality" includes the bestial Huns, you deserved, on the face of it, all we said of you. You cannot hold us responsible for your ignorance of the state of the labour market, nor for errors creeping into your English.

"R.F.C." (London).—The first aviator was the Lord, of whom David says, "He rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, He did fly on the wings of the wind."

J. H. C. (Southampton).—"I hold that those who keep dogs now are unpatriotic." You have hold of the wrong tail.

"FAIRPLAY" (Edinburgh). — Yes, Civil Servants have made up to them their full salary while on active service.

M. W. (Dunfermline).—"Find a small space in one of your columns for this; our local papers decline." Think we have more space to spare?

"BACHELOR" (Brixton) wants to know how he goes for mutton chops with a fivepenny-ration coupon. He doesn't chop; he changes.

C. M. H. (Lambeth).—"Hope on though the day is grey, The sun will shine another day." There are always a yesterday and a to-morrow.

"CONSTANT READER" (Camberwell). —"I have an idea of new means of finding enemy aircraft and assisting our gunners. Tell me what Government Department would be interested." Don't know any Department that would be interested, but the Ministry of Munitions might be worried by it. Try your hand.

Miss L. (Upper Tooting).—You can obtain further coupons for the "Bullets" Competition from *Everywoman's*, which is published every Tuesday.

J. N. F. (Bristol).—"Privilege me space with the view of forming an Inventors' Society." Why can't they invent their own Society?

"ENQUIRER" (London, W.). —The sentiment of your poem is praiseworthy, but trite; and, as regards the quality of the verses, we are afraid no one but the author would care to read them twice except as a penance.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertising Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Convalescence The right food

AFTER illness the digestive tract remains weak for a considerable period. Restoration to health is often seriously retarded by failure to take the right food.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is the most successful nourishment for use in convalescence; this palatable and easily prepared milk and wheaten food supplies complete nutriment in a form that is assimilated by the delicate stomach without difficulty or distaste. Digestion is thus strengthened and lost vigour regained.

The Food that Rebuilds.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 2/- and 4/- each of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than all other Institutions in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home, or overseas, on board ship, in billets, in hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post this coupon NOW!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
508 International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

Please send me your free booklet giving full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mechanical Engineering	—Business Training
—Draughtsmanship	—Secretaryship
—Electrical Engineering	—Salesmanship
—Architecture & Building	—Advertising
—Marine Engineering	—Window Dressing
—Steam Engineering	—Motors & Gas Engines
—Civil Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Boiler-Making	—Industrial Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry & Joinery
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless Telegraphy

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS HOUSE?

We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent.

Booklet FREE from F.G.L., J. B.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
6, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest, most speedy system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 20 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. Two hours' practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send card or letter for next lesson to

Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

FITZPATRICK'S

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every machine want. No disappointments. Satisfaction guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all accessories. Send postcard to FITZPATRICK, Dept. 37

—BURNLEY.—

Send a postcard at once to H. Samuel for his BIG FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save pounds. Write to-day

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Reliable, fully jewelled movement, accurate timekeeper, handsome Nickel case. **15/9**

H. SAMUEL, LTD., 99, Market St., Manchester.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.

The value of the "JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon has now been increased from 1d. to 2d. Readers will therefore be entitled to the allowance of 1/- by forwarding 6 additional Coupons only, instead of 12. Old Coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(March 23rd, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

'Bullets' £250

2ND Prize £25 — 1ST PRIZE → — ← 1ST PRIZE — 3RD Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	480 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 28th.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(278) P.O. No.____ Signed____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address____
If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 278, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 28th.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(278) P.O. No.____ Signed____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 28th.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(278) P.O. No.____ Signed____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **next week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 279. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 4th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **279** in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 279,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 279.

WHEN HINDENBURG MOVES	FATHER'S DINNER	ALL MY EYE	OFF THE MAP
INVITING TROUBLE	TOMMY HOPES THAT	FIGHTING SPIRIT	NONE TOO SOON
PLAYING THE DEVIL	GOES A LONG WAY	WHEN IN OFFICE	MOST GIRLS
CAN'T COOK	MONEY FOR NOTHING	HAVING ANOTHER HELPING	SADDER AND WISER
DOWN THE STRAND	MAKING HISTORY	BABY'S COMFORTER	WHEN KAISER RETIRES

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this slip is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 278.

PUTTING CLOCK BACK	WAR AND PEACE	[illegible] THE FARM
FLYING VISIT	DAD'S ASHES	[illegible]
OUR ESPIONAGE	OUR BUTCHER	EVERYBODY EXPECTS THAT
WHEN JAPAN MOVES	SPORTING THE [illegible]	[illegible] OUT
MORE LIGHT	[illegible] PHOTOGRAPH	[illegible] HIM SET UP
CARRIED TOO FAR	TAKEN UNAWARES	UNDER GOVERNMENT
MAKING SAUSAGES	IN WRONG BOAT	WHEN FATHER CARVES
BAD HIDING	SALVATION ARMY	KEEP SMILING
IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR	CARRIES NO WEIGHT	GRUMBLING AT NOTHING
DIFFICULT TASK	RIGHT BREED	EVERY LITTLE HELPS
WITHOUT A FRIEND	KNOCKING SAND	THE KAISER'S ORDERS

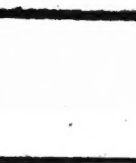
HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—WHEN FATHER CARVES. Bullet:—HE GUTS UP ROUGH. Example:—TOMMY BOY. Bullet:—PACIFIST THINKS REPRISALS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 13th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated March 23rd.

Result of Competition No. 276 ("Bullets" £1,000 Easter Offer) will be found in next week's issue.

"WAVCURL." PROMOTES CURLY HAIR.



Have you ever thought how much a head of Curly Hair would improve your appearance? 'Wavcurl' imparts beautiful permanent curls. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair is. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." For either Ladies or Gentlemen or Children. This is what you have been looking for for years. Guaranteed harmless. Price 2/9 per packet, post free. For a short time, however, we are selling our special offer to all enclosing this advt. Send 1/6 for 2/9 packet. (Two for 5/9.)

THE NEW WAVCURL CO.,
FULWOOD HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

PERFECTION IN PROTECTION.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

Pat. No.] [105634

BRITISH MADE.
NEAT-ORNAMENTAL-SIMPLE-STRONG-ABSOLUTE PROTECTION. INSIST ON THE

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

In The Little Envelope Showing Officer's Cuff Trade Mark.

Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/-

ROLLED GOLD or H. M. SILVER 2/6

If unable to obtain, write Mesh-Guard Advt. Dept. 14, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

To be Retained by Newsagent.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

March 23, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A half-penny stamp should be forwarded by Newsagent on receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

March 23, 1918.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

As long as you live

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

You will never regret the wisdom of your decision to furnish at the "Midland." It is a fact that over 50% of the immense "Midland" business comes from old customers. They know from long experience what the true character of "Midland" furniture is. They know how well-deserved is the reputation of the "Midland" for variety of choice, beauty of design, and soundness of construction. They know that

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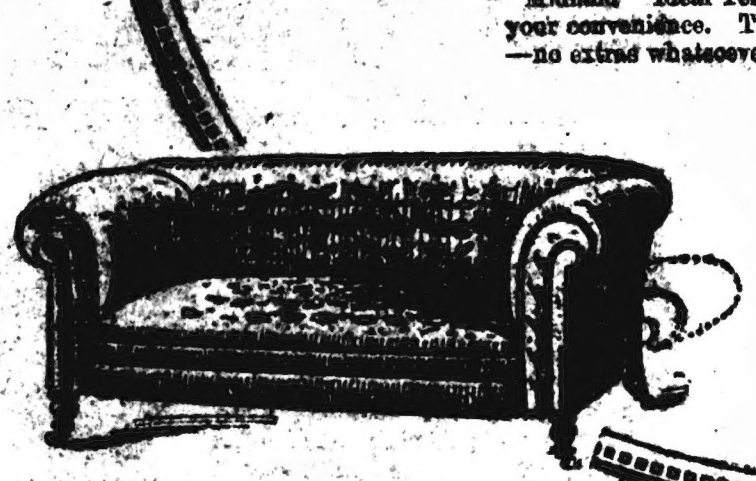
Come and see the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. Come and examine the plainly-marked prices. Compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same sterling quality. You will find that the "Midland" always gives you better value for money. And under the "Midland" Ideal Terms you can choose at your leisure and pay at your convenience. There is no charge for credit—no interest to pay—no extras whatsoever.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£4 14s. 6d.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. **£8 18s. 6d.**

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country.)

Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6	£50 -	£1 7 6
£20 -	0 11 0	£100 -	2 15 0
£30 -	0 16 6	£200 -	5 10 0
£40 -	1 2 0	£500 -	13 15 0

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At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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Father—Mother—Bobby—Mary, all can help to fill the National larder, economise tonnage, keep prices down, and supply the family table with fresh nutritious food. How? Just by sowing

RYDERS SEEDS

and tending a successful vegetable garden.

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To Thousands of our Customers who are waiting for

SUGAR CORN.

Most unfortunately our principal consignment of Sugar Corn (nearly 10,000 lbs.), has been LOST AT SEA under circumstances which we cannot refer to in detail

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Ryder & Son have pleasure in stating that they have a few catalogues still on hand and will post one by return to anyone who applies so long as the supply lasts. As the number is limited, in conformity with the Government regulations, it is earnestly requested that no one writes for a catalogue unless they intend to order seeds.

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CATALOGUE POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

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This Free Book tells how the Grey and Going-Grey may look 10 to 20 years younger.

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Teeth returned promptly, post free, if offer not satisfactory.
Before selling, write for Free Booklet. It explains very clearly the value of any make of artificial teeth.

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ESTABLISHED 1873. (Please mention "John Bull.")

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If you want a new delight
Open a "Tuna" Tin to-night.

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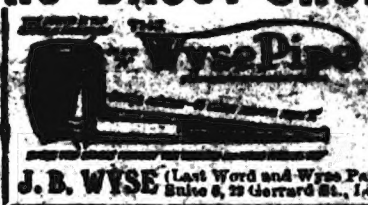
JACK TAR TUNA FISH

NO 'BACCY SHORTAGE



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Best pipe for Active Service, 1/6. SEND 2/6.

Booklet explains Wyse Pipes. Booklet. 2d.

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Uncle Cheeriboy.

says Uncle Cheeriboy—that happy sage whose advice is always so sound and practical—"probably shows that you are run down and unwell—and ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is because the stomach, liver, kidneys, or digestion are out of order. Happy men and women like myself—have One Golden Rule for keeping fit and well, for Page Woodcock's Pills are the best barrage against every raider who invades the realm of Good Health—so

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